

Good Morning 625

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the Co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

These Horses Cost Money —They Make It Too

IT is said that a famous American racehorse owner once visited Britain anxious to pick up every possible hint and tip about improving his blood-stock.

When he went home he said that the three great secrets of the British Turf were the Aga Khan, Gordon Richards—and Workop Manor.

Any survey of racing success, indeed, can scarcely leave out the rambling old house, where the late Sir John Robinson, bred so many good horses, and where to-day his great-nephew, Captain John Farr, carries on the old traditions.

Workop has a romantic history and dates back to the Norman Conquest. James I stayed there on his way to London and his succession to the English throne, and King Charles I once visited the Manor. But what is perhaps more important is that horses like Papyrus and Flamingo were born there, not to mention other winners by the score.

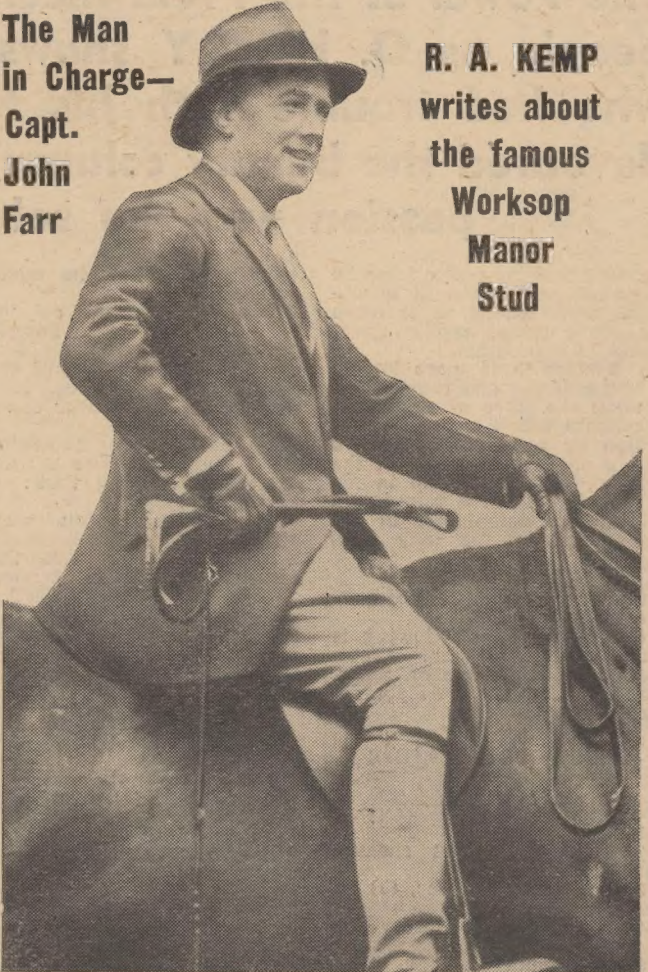
During the past 35 years the 350 or so Workop yearlings sent to public auction—generally during the St. Leger sales at Doncaster—have realised around 300,000 guineas.

A year before the war they sold only 13 yearlings for £21,000.

Then again, over the same period, the famous Workop Stud has produced the winners of about 400 races in the United Kingdom, not to mention the winners of some 250 races which have scooped £75,000 worth of prize money from abroad.

Workop is more than a national institution. It is at the root of the bloodstock industry in Australia, South Africa and the United States. Omar Khayam, the winner of the Kentucky Derby and the Brooklyn Derby, was a Workop horse: So was Linacre, the amazing stallion who topped the winning lists in Australia for two years.

The Man
in Charge—
Capt.
John
Farr



R. A. KEMP
writes about
the famous
Workop
Manor
Stud

wanted to accomplish the hat-trick.

It was taken as a foregone conclusion that Papyrus would do the trick, so much so that the bookies took the confidence for bluster and gave odds of 100 to 15. And what a race it was!

Steve drew No. 18—almost the worst of the whole field—but was not put out. "With the speed of Papyrus I soon expected to be up fifth or sixth," he told me.

All went well almost till the very end when Gardner, always well up on Pharos, made his great effort. For a time the two horses were racing neck and neck and then, two furlongs from home, Pharos actually headed Papyrus, for a few seconds only.

Then he fell back. Papyrus's win was by a length.

Another extraordinary—if not forgotten—Workop horse was Bomba, which dropped a bombshell when he won the Ascot Gold Cup as a three-year-old, the first to do so for many years. In fact it was another eighteen years before the feat happened again with Totaig, a 33-1 Derby failure, ridden by an Australian jockey who had never before had a mount in this country.

Totaig also had Workop blood in his veins! To-day, he in turn, is reckoned the honoured ancestor of winners in America, Australia and India.

"Workop?" said one expert to me the other day "I would call it the Stud at the heart of the great world's racing..."

We overlook, I think, the distance a famous horse can cover geographically in the course of his career. Even Papyrus once went to America where he challenged the reigning champion, a horse named Zev, and incidentally was decidedly trounced.

£53,000 was once paid for an English-bred stallion known as Tracery, who went to the Argentine. And what has happened, I wonder, to the horses once imported to Japan for breeding purposes?

Athford, Dark Fire, Priory Park, Mohawk and many others are there to-day, together with Diolite and Shian Mor, horses that managed to get a placing in the Derby.

Derby winners, of course, are seldom exported, although Captain Cuttle went to Italy and Blenheim—sold for £49,000—went to the States.

On the other hand, I know of nine Derby placers now in exile.

Taj Akbar is still in France. Walter Gay was exported to Russia, and Iliad—second the following year—went to New Zealand. Then there is Hot Knight, now in India, and Statesman, third in the Derby of 1933, who has sired scores of big race winners in the States.

When we talk of the British bloodstock industry we mean business. Between 6,000 and 7,000 thoroughbreds are exported from Great Britain and Ireland to various countries abroad in a normal year.

The output of the famous Workop Manor Stud is high on the list for, of course, not all thoroughbred horses have to be race-winners.

Workop horses cost money. But they also make it.

The secret, of course, is unerring selection, and an unfailing eye in good management. When Papyrus was born, it is said that the Workop experts picked him within three weeks as a Derby winner.

Mr. Ben Irish bought him almost on that understanding, and when the question of a jockey came up, there could be no one but Steve Donoghue.

Steve had won the Derby in the two preceding years—with Humorist and Captain Cuttle—and he desperately



A GOOD MAIL For P.O. Thomas Cave

EVERY evening, after she arrives home from work, Mrs. Joyce Cave sits down to write a letter to her husband, Petty Officer Thomas Alfred Cave.

And among the visitors at 28 Darlington Road, Southsea, no one is more welcome than the postman.

One week, he brought Mrs. Cave sixteen letters in return—but that was apparently when there had been a hold-up of mail "owing to the exigencies of the Service."

As her letter-writing is now one of her chief joys in life, our photographer very happily "caught" Mrs. Cave at her evening occupation, with the photo of her husband propped up on the table beside her.

It is so much nicer to write to him that way—almost like talking to him, so to speak.

So, P.O. Cave, you should be getting a good mail, and plenty of home news.

Incidentally, Mrs. Cave also does a little knitting, and has been making a "woolly" for a friend of hers, Mrs. Leafe.

That should interest Petty Officer Leafe, who, we believe, is still a shipmate of P.O. Cave's.

Mrs. Leafe is now at Plymouth, but she and Mrs. Cave regularly correspond.

The writing circle also includes the members of P.O. Cave's family at Rugby—his father and sisters. "So, you see," Mrs. Cave told our reporter, "I find plenty to do."

She was also looking forward to an Easter holiday at Rugby when we called.

P.O. Thompson, her sister's husband, was also home at the time on a five weeks' leave from Algiers. And his little five-year-old daughter, Shirley, was very excited about it all.

We hear you have still to meet your brother-in-law, P.O. Cave. Too bad you didn't run across him in the Middle East. However, we hope the meeting is only a pleasure deferred.

Your wife is looking forward to your own return. She is also very thankful for all the letters you send. "I think," she told us, "I am very lucky to get the number I do."

Carry on with the good work!



Home Town News

MRS. EDWARDS, of Revelstoke, Noss Mayo, S. Devon, went to the village butcher's one morning to get her week's rations.

Coming out of the shop, she found riders gathering for the meet of the Modbury Harriers at the Creek, and put down her basket inside a garden wall while she joined the crowd around the huntsmen.

When she came back she found the basket empty. Some of the hounds, sniffing round, had caught an enticing scent, and wolfed the contents—five meat rations and a pound of sausages!

PLEASE WHISTLE. A PLYMOUTH business man picked up his 'phone to hear a voice say, "This is the Telephone Department testing. Would you leave your receiver off, step three paces backward, and whistle?"

He did as requested. "Is that all right?" he asked.

"Not quite," was the reply. "Try once more."

The business man "obliged" for the second time.

Then he took up his phone again, heard a chuckle at the other end, and his caller again.

"Thanks very much. We'll be sending round a packet of canary seed in the morning."

Family Report O.K., C.P.O. Len Mealyer

FOR Mrs. Mealyer, of 39 Retcar Street, Highgate, N.19, for Richard Mealyer, age 12, for Clive Mealyer, age seven, and for Graham Mealyer, age three, we send an assurance to C.P.O. Len Mealyer, D.S.M., that the entire family is fit and enjoying good health.

After passing on this assurance, we can tell you in addition that Richard looks very smart in his Boy Scout uniform, and that he informs us he is soon taking his second-

class badge examination. He recently sat for his scholarship, too, but it will be some time before he hears how he has made out.

Your wife has recently bought several more chickens, Len, so it looks as though you will be assured of a good supply of eggs at least when you get your next leave.

Until then, your family are thinking of you, and we repeat their words when we say, "Don't worry."

"GOOD MORNING" POOLS

Mark this coupon		<input type="checkbox"/> "Good Morning"
<input type="checkbox"/> A	for Awful	
<input type="checkbox"/> H	" Hits the Spot	
<input type="checkbox"/> X	" a Draw	
When completed, cut out and send to:		
"Good Morning," c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1.		

A NEWSPAPER STORY

AT 8 a.m. it lay on Giuseppe's news-stand, still damp from the presses.

Giuseppe, with the cunning of his ilk, philandered on the opposite corner, leaving his patrons to help themselves, no doubt on a theory related to the hypothesis of the watched pot.

This particular newspaper was, according to its custom and design, an educator, a guide, a monitor, a champion, and a household counsellor and vade mecum.

From its many excellencies might be selected three editorials. One was in simple and chaste but illuminating language, directed to parents and teachers, deprecating corporal punishment for children.

Another was an aggressive and significant warning addressed to a notorious labour leader who was on the point of instigating his clients to a troublesome strike.

The third was an eloquent

The Power of the Press means different things to different people as O. HENRY shows in this tale of little Johnny who had trouble with his teacher, his sister Gladys who devoured the beauty column, and the Labour Leader whose passion was the solving of Puzzle Corner

demand that the police force be sustained and aided in everything that tended to increase its efficiency as public guardians and servants.

Besides these more important chidings and requisitions upon the store of good citizenship was a wise prescription or form of procedure laid out by the editor of the heart-to-heart column in the specific case of a young man who had complained of the obduracy of his lady love,

teaching him how he might win her.

Again, there was, on the beauty page, a complete answer to a young lady inquirer who desired admonition toward the securing of bright eyes, rosy cheeks, and a beautiful countenance.

One other item requiring special cognisance was a brief "personal" running thus:

Dear Jack,
Forgive me. You were right. Meet me corner Madison and — at 8.30 this morning. We leave at noon.
PENITENT.

At eight o'clock a young man with a haggard look and the feverish gleam of unrest in his eye dropped a penny and

picked up the top paper as he passed Giuseppe's stand. A sleepless night had left him a late riser. There was an office to be reached by nine, and a shave and a hasty cup of coffee to be crowded into the interval.

He visited his barber shop and then hurried on his way. He pocketed his paper, meditating a belated perusal of it at the luncheon hour. At the next corner it fell from his pocket, carrying with it his pair of new gloves. Three blocks he walked, missed the gloves, and turned back fuming.

Just on the half-hour he reached the corner where lay the gloves and the paper. But he strangely ignored that which he had come to seek. He was holding two little hands as tightly as ever he could and looking into two penitent brown eyes, while joy rioted in his heart.

"Dear Jack," she said, "I knew you would be here on time."

"I wonder what she means by that," he was saying to himself; "but it's all right, it's all right."

A big wind puffed out of the west, picked up the paper from the sidewalk, opened it out and sent it flying and whirling

down a side street. Up that street was driving a skittish bay to a spider-wheel buggy the young man who had written to the heart-to-heart editor for a recipe that he might win her for whom he sighed.

The wind, with a prankish flurry, flapped the flying newspaper against the face of the skittish bay. There was a lengthened streak of bay mingled with the red of running gear that stretched itself

(Continued on Page 3)

The Mango Trick

I HAVE been asked many times about the famous Indian Mango Trick. I have never seen it performed myself, but a friend of mine was on the point of leaving Calcutta when some native jugglers came on board the steamer to give an exhibition of their powers. The surroundings were thus very unfavourable for the performance of anything but a very dexterous trick, and the mango exhibition was given on the bare deck.

The performer was almost naked, so there was no opportunity for the concealment of a flower-pot under a robe. He placed before him, first of all, a small flat native wicker-work basket. This was filled with earth. A mango seed was then produced. It was a very large one, — a point, this, of importance in view of what follows — and was duly placed in the earth and covered up. The earth was watered, and the basket in its turned concealed by a small cotton cloth.

Then began the usual mutterings and incantations, while the earth was again sprinkled with water and stirred with the fingers of the operator.

After a few minutes' interval the juggler lifted the cloth and showed to the spectators two small mango leaves appearing above the surface of the earth.

The basket was once more covered up, the watering of the earth and the incantations proceeded, and in a short time, when the cloth was removed, a mango plant, seven or eight inches high, and bearing four or five leaves, was disclosed to view.

After another interval a seedling mango appeared, at least thirteen inches high, and bearing seven or eight leaves.

After some hesitation the man consented to reveal his art.

The seed, in fact, was a hollow one, and the young plant had been dexterously folded within its compass.

It is the art of folding the plant inside the seed which constitutes the essence of the trick.

Syd de Hempsey

QUIZ for today

1. A theorbo is a rubber ball, hard tyre, musical instrument, religious fanatic?
2. About what is the strain (in pounds) imposed by the strings on a properly-tuned violin?
3. What is the difference between (a) origin, (b) organ?
4. What is the meaning of the names, (a) Donald, (b) David?
5. What is the other common

name of the plant, Codlins-and-cream?

6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why?—Arcturus, Fomalhaut, Antares, Spica, Pollux, Canopus, Aldebaran, Castor.

Answers to Quiz in No. 624

1. Village.
2. 2 shocks of 12 sheaves each.
3. (a) Chinese tower, (b) an arbour.
4. (a) Wealthy lord, (b) Bright leader.
5. King-cup.
6. Allegro means quickly; others all mean slowly.

ALEX CRACKS

Director (to new cashier): "You understand the duties of a cashier?"

Cashier: "I should say I do. I'll handle your cash as if it were my own."

"Won't your wife miss you?" I asked Tom when he was going off on one of his business trips.

"I don't think so," he replied absently. "She's a good shot."

I get around RON RICHARDS' COLUMN



THE Government recently turned down a plea that local residents in England should have the right to vote on the question whether they wanted a public-house in their neighbourhood, but promised that local organisations will be consulted when it comes to the rebuilding of blitzed pubs.

Opposing the suggestion in the Commons, Petty Officer Herbert (Ind., Oxford University) said he knew of a small, respectable riverside public-house run by a very respectable man, with a little garden, in surroundings where many people did not have little gardens.

It was a great relief on hot summer evenings to go into this garden and have a glass of beer.

In order to extend the amenities the licensee proposed to give a little music in the garden. He got a music licence from the L.C.C., conditional on moving a door from one part of the premises to another. He went to the local licensing justices, who were the people who could authorise a structural alteration.

These beautiful justices, with no disgusting brewers, publicans and gin distillers among them, refused to allow him to make the structural alteration.

They said: "We are not going to allow you to give more pleasure to this horrible, adulterous, alcoholic drinking place."

"That is the spirit in which far too many temperance justices discharged their duties," said Mr. Herbert.

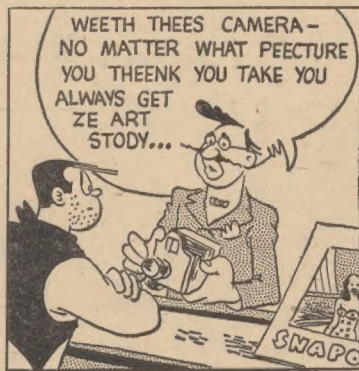
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HE suggested that if those with a financial interest in the trade were excluded from Licensing Committees, those who were members of definite temperance and teetotal bodies should be excluded also.

Mr. Rhys Davies (Lab., Westhoughton) was the man who wanted a local vote, so Captain J. A. L. Duncan (Con., Kensington N.) said his experience of this system in Scotland made him definitely against it.

Mr. F. Marshall (Lab., Brightside) objected that a teetotaler should have the right to say a man who wanted a drink must walk miles for it. Mr. J. Dugdale (Lab., W. Bromwich) laughed at the idea of local polls for theatres, butchers' or chemists' shops.

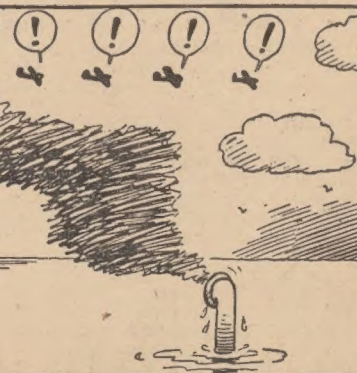
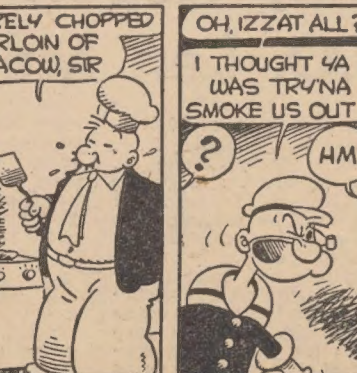
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



Good
Morning



CAN IT
BE THE
SPRING?

Her laugh is like the sound of water tumbling down an Irish hillside. Her eyes are like twin green pools. Her hair is like a night when there are no stars. Her hands are a poem recited by Henry Ainley. Her smile is the dawn breaking. Her voice is an angel singing softly to herself when there is nobody there to hear. But the Editor, in his blindness, says she is Marie MacDonald, a film star, working for Universal Pictures, Inc.

SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

